

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1922.

WASHINGTON, D. C.  
NOVEMBER 10, 1922

## Keep a Rose in Your Hair

Or, at Least, Try to Keep the Rose in Your Mind.  
Don't Sag Down if You Want to Keep Your  
Husband—He May Not Be Worth Keep-  
ing, but That's Another Story.

This is about the strange mystery of New Jersey, the crime that ended the lives of the Reverend Dr. Hall, a clergyman, and of Mrs. Mills, the leader of his choir. It is a crime that has caused newspapers of every kind and in every part of the



MRS. HALL, WIFE OF THE DEAD MAN.

and difficult art of keeping your husband. To illustrate that we print two pictures.

Here you see the picture of a tired, worried, anxious face, with whose hideous sufferings the world must sympathize, whatever the murder trial may tell.

This is the woman whose husband was found murdered, beside him the body of another woman, and scattered about them the love letters that the dead man had sent to the other woman. In this gloomy, troubled face you see a tragedy that the whole world has discussed. What lies behind that face, what thoughts and facts behind the well-developed forehead, no one knows, no one may ever know. Another woman, the third conspicuous in the strange mystery, has told of a night ride in the woods, of seeing by the light of glaring automobile lamps the commission of the crime. She declares that when the crime was committed she saw this woman, Mrs. Hall, and heard her call aloud the name of her brother.



MRS. MILLS, THE OTHER WOMAN, WITH THE ROSE IN HER HAIR.

This statement which Mrs. Hall contradicts is part of the record. What the TRUTH is may never be known. But one truth interesting to millions of women is clear. It was told in its detail by the two bodies that lay dead and by the letters scattered.

This picture shows "the other woman," the one who was shot to death and whose throat was cut with fiendish hatred born perhaps of jealousy after she was dead and could bleed no more.

Mrs. Mills, not much younger than Mrs. Hall, widow of the dead man, wrote to the clergyman that she could not wait for the day "when I can do your mending."

You will observe that while she waited for that day, which was never to come—the bullets made it impossible—she wore a rose in her hair and another rose below her chin.

She practiced cheerful smiling. She managed to keep HER face from sagging down. A face that sags below the jaws has caused many a foolish husband to wander away.

The woman with the rose in her hair wrote and talked and KEPT GOING. She lived in a plain little house, and saw very little, as she frankly told him, of her husband, a humble citizen that lived with her. She did her own work, fussed over her own children, had little or no money, saw little of the real world, but SHE DRESSED UP.

Here you see the woman that wore the rose in her hair and the one that did not. One of them is murdered, it is true, but the other has lost her husband, for whom she expresses the deepest devotion, and she finds herself the center of a hideous, repulsive tragedy.

Many would rather lie in the grave where Mrs. Mills, of the

Continued In Last Two Columns.

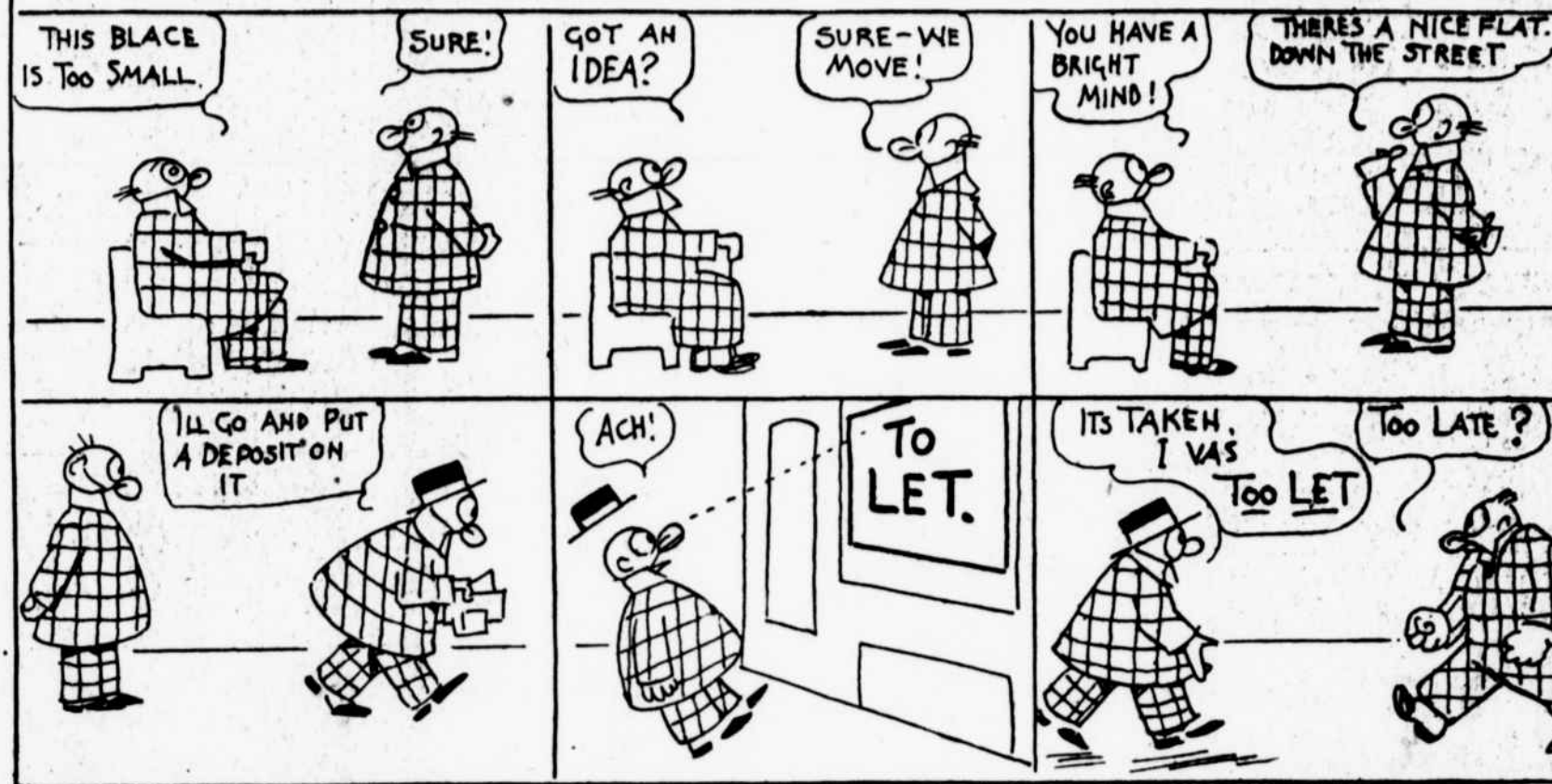
## What's Wrong with This Picture?

By T. E. Power

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DIogenes  
LOOKING FOR AN  
HONEST POLITICIAN  
ON A FOGGY DAY



## Kemal's Lone Submarine Plays Pirate in Black Sea as British Hunt It

By John Hadley

International News Service Staff Correspondent.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—With the hangman waiting for him at Odessa and six lean and hungry British destroyers watching for him to enter the Bosphorus, Kemal's only submarine is leading a lonely life playing pirate in the Black sea.

When the Soviet government gave the submarine to Kemal it wished the captain "good luck" and told him he would be hanged if he came back to port without having sunk a British ship. The British naval intelligence heard of this and issued orders that Kemal's undersea hope was to be sunk on sight—as soon as it crossed an imaginary line drawn across the Black sea entrance to the Bosphorus.

Six destroyers were stationed in the narrow Bosphorus straits. As soon as the submarine was sighted two of them were put to sea, get behind it and shut off its escape. The other four were to steam down the channel, dropping depth charges at regular intervals.

Warned by wireless of the trap laid for him if he ever tried to get at the great battle fleet riding at anchor in the Sea of Marmara, the submarine captain stayed well clear of the straits. Five times he was sighted by the British, but each time far enough out to be safe from even the most elastic interpretation of the British destroyers' orders.

Now he is cruising off Trebizond, stopping merchant ships and doing a road-agent job on the passengers. The Black Sea shipping lanes from Batumi to Constantinople and from Sebastopol to Trebizond are in terror of this ocean highwayman, as the Great North road used to fear Dick Turpin.

An Armenian merchant, who was robbed of \$3,000 Turkish pounds when the schooner he was traveling on was boarded by the submarine's crew off Sinope, on the south coast of the Black sea, said the captain was a blond, bearded man, who spoke to his first mate in French, and was most polite to the schooner's passengers. According to the Armenian, the submarine is a very large one; the crew is Russian, wears Russian naval uniforms and red fez and looks well fed. Officially, the British say nothing, but unofficially the imaginary line inside of which

the undersea brigand may be "aurios versenkt" has been considerably extended. Meantime the blond, bearded submarine captain is getting himself a comfortable stake on which to retire in case he escapes the hangman and the lean, gray destroyers.

### 21 Children in Orchestra.

CONCORD, N. H.—An orchestra made up of twenty-one children of the Garrison School Kindergarten is claimed by this school to be the largest kindergarten orchestra in the world. The children are four and five years old and their leader is only five.

Twelve different kinds of instruments are used—drums, clappers, bells, bird whistle, xylophones, triangle, horse shoes, dumbbells, tambourines, cymbals, kazoo and castanets.

## "Please Be Sure I Despise You," Pens Prince in Note to Yugoslav Official

BERLIN—Prince George of Serbia addressed the following letter to the Yugoslav premier, M. Pastic, according to the Belgrade paper, Videlo:

"It would be no attraction whatever for me to be the sovereign of a country where you and your son do as you please. I do not want to be your prisoner, like my brother, but as the legitimate son of my father, the late King, I claim that portion of his private fortune which I am entitled to. However, you and your press are busy distorting this legitimate claim in a way as if I aspired to the throne. I do not want in the least!

"I call upon you to account for the whereabouts of my deceased father's cashbox, containing his last will, in addition to other important documents, as I do not want these documents to disappear like the late King's archives.

"I am sure you will not again send your friends and other persons of doubtful qualities to offer me some shabby amount out of secret state funds in order to make me keep quiet.

"Split it up between yourself and those in whose company you used to spend my money! I shall refuse to accept it!

"I demand nothing but my legitimate share of my deceased father's fortune.

"Go on ruling my unhappy fatherland with your methods—intriguing in all quarters, setting

## Lucy Lowell Sees Lesson for Men in Dog's Devotion to Jailed Master

By Lucy Lowell

THERE'S a place on the green where the grass is worn very thin, for there his feet have tramped up and down, up and down, day after day, for nine weeks.

The blades, turning sear with autumn, and the burdock leaves are crushed a bit, too, with the weight of his body, for as he has stood guard through the day, so has he kept his post at night, sleeping fitfully now and then.

Nine long weeks! And as he waits he turns adoring, wistful eyes to a barred window high above his head. A jail window, behind which a man shows his face once in a while. And then you almost can hear his heart beat with joy.

What does he care that the man

toted a gun and peddled moonshine and got clapped into a place where those who transgress the law pay the penalty? What does he care that the sentence has fifteen weeks to run. He seems to feel the occasional sight of his homely self may give courage, as no doubt it does. And anyway, while that face shows behind the bars he will remain where he can see it, and that's that!

They have tried to get him to come home for food and shelter, but he pays no attention. He is not cross, not apologetic. He just isn't interested. His job is staying there on the green and he is faithful!

A superlatively-developed, highly-bred and sensitive gentleman? No—oh, no. Just a dog.

Not a blue-blooded dog. His pedigree would be shorter than his stubby tail, and he knows none of the airs and graces that belong to the dogs of the rich. He hasn't even the advantage of name, since his scrappy white and yellow body shows round the corner when some one yells "Pete." But I say that the world cannot slide very far on the down trail when there is in it as much love and loyalty as is held in the homely hide of "Pete."

If you are miserably lonely and sad; heart-sick with betrayed friendship; if your soul is mourning the love that was but illusion and the world seems a place where there is no kindness, consider, if you please, the faith in the heart of a little mongrel dog.

If such excellence can live in so lonely a thing, surely there is goodness about you. Perhaps you haven't happened to find it yet; no doubt it is just ahead; the next who bids you "good morning" may be the one who shall prove it to you!

Remember "Pete" and hold to your faith!

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### Quail Roosts in Hallway.

BUYRUS, Ohio, Nov. 8.—Charles Aumiller was sitting on a chair in the doorway of his store, on the west side of the public square here, when a quail ran across the sidewalk, dodged between Aumiller's feet and scurried to the back of the hallway.

Investigation disclosed that the bird had crouched in a corner, prepared to spend the night. It was not disturbed. Next morning it flew away.

Progress.

Many a hand that used to rock a cradle is now being pounded upon a table of an applauding houseful.

Federowski will stop playing politics and play the piano. It might pay the country to buy pianos for a lot of our United States Senators.

## GARRETT P. SERVISS ON SPACE AND TIME

Can Space Go On Forever?—If Not Just Where Does One Find the End of It? Asks Scientist.

By Garrett P. Serviss,  
Eminent Astronomer and Authority  
on Subjects of Scientific  
Interest.

"Without the aid of your useful column in which so much information is given I could not find the answer to many questions which puzzle me. Now I want to ask: (1) Is there an end to space? It surely can't go on forever; everything must come to an end, even space. (2) If a hole were drilled through the center of the earth would we see the sky on the opposite side of the earth through the hole? When you consider the vanishing point, etc. it is impossible to see that far!"—G. D., Detroit."

WHO, seeing the human mind occupied with these "unpractical" things can doubt that there is a divinity in man? Such questions are among the clearest indications of a struggling immortal spirit in us. "Practical" things are all mortal; an evanescent as the breath of life; it is the unpractical that gives us hold on something which we know to be higher and more enduring.

But to the questions: (1) What assures you, G. D., that space "surely can't go on forever?" Do you find it any easier to imagine an end to space than to imagine extending away without end? Of course, one can readily make a mental picture of an end or edge, to a limited or definite, part of space; but when that is done what is the mind's attitude concerning the other side of the imaginary boundary?

Can you imagine yourself outside of space without at the same time imagining another expanse of space enveloping you? You may make the outside space differ in composition from the other, but space, in its most general and universal sense, it must still continue to be.

It does not help in the least to say, with the Einsteinists, that space has an inherent quality of curvature, or of sphericity, and is endless only in the sense that a great circle drawn on a globe is without end, because it continually returns into itself. This is mere playing with words. Whether space is inherently spherical, or cubical, or possesses any other geometrical quality, the mind inevitably bounds it as soon as such terms are applied, and in the very

act of thus bounding space, we involuntarily create another expanse of space surrounding the limited portion. It flies before us and cannot be overtaken.

These are the great, for us here unresolvable, mysteries—illimitable space and endless time. Can you in your mind arrest the march of the centuries? When Cicero died, did time cease to flow because, perchance, it ceased for him? When we are gone will time stop? When the earth and the sun are gone will there be an end to time?

Some of the Einstein speculations affirm that there is no space where there is no matter, and no time where there is no change. But I find more satisfaction in the old hypothesis. Though I can comprehend neither eternity nor infinity, I find it impossible to imagine either the end or the termination of space. Whenever I try farther, always yawning beyond each successive point that my mind reaches.

(2) Suppose the hole through the earth to be circular and one hundred feet in diameter, then, the opening at the opposite end would have an angular diameter of about one-half a second of arc as seen from your end. If the sun or a bright star happened to be exactly in line with the axis of the hole, it would be visible, provided that you shied off very carefully all the light when looking down into the hole.

It would be necessary to have the air filling the hole very clear and free from impurities. The darkness in the hole would be no impediment to the passage of the light rays, though there might be some extraordinary effects of refraction due to the dense and confined air. But, unless the sun or a star would see nothing. The brightness of the sky background would not be sufficient to impress the eye if the area comprehended was only half a second of arc in diameter.

The angular diameter of the hole to be increased to one mile. Then the angular diameter of the opposite end viewed through the hole would be nearly twenty seconds of arc, forming a disk still too small probably to be seen by sky illumination. But make the hole seventy-five miles in diameter thus increasing the angular diameter of the opening at the other end to about thirty-two minutes of arc, or the apparent diameter of the full moon, and a circle of the sky of that size on the other side of the earth would be easily seen.

## CONSTANTINOPLE FACES DRY, TIME UNDER KEMAL

New Turk Leader Says Liquor Must Go When He Takes Hold of City.

By John Hadley.  
International News Service Staff Correspondent.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—Thirst raised east of Suez are going to be unrelaxable, so far as Constantinople is concerned, once Mustafa Kemal Pasha takes over the city.

Kemal has made all Anatolia as dry as the Hejaz Desert, and declares he will do the same for the Turkish capital. It will take considerable drying up to check the moisture of Constantinople, for the per capita consumption of hard liquor in the European quarter of Pera is about the same as it used to be in the old First ward in Chicago.

Dousco, a slow and poisonous drink that hit you with the awkwardness and wallop of Battling Siki and is so powerful that it is never taken without a handful of crackers spread with caviar and sour cheese as a decoy for it to work on instead of the lining of the stomach, is the principal beverage. It is made on the spot from raw United States alcohol imported from the States in great steel drums.

No man can drink dousco long and survive. This is proved by the countless cemeteries that sprawl over all the bare Constantinople hillsides.

When the Germans were the dominant influence at the summit of the world, the beer of the followers of the prophet, and now one of the biggest breweries in the world is in the city on the Golden Horn. Beer has been the most lasting vestige of the German regime and a stone no larger than a man's hand round a table in any direction in Taksim square would be sure to hit at least three good Mohammedans fingering their prayer beads with

one hand, a twelve-inch stein of Pilsener with the other. The Koran forbids the consumption of alcohol—but the Koran was written before the Germans introduced beer to Constantinople. The Turk's view probably is that Mohammed might have tasted his copy if he had ever tasted Pilsener.

Despite Kemal's closing of all the cafes and domino parlors of Anatolia and his ban on the cup that quells, his intimates assert that Mustafa himself likes his liquor. This may or may not be true, but the American business man who went to Kemal's headquarters in Smyrna to protect United States tobacco interests, taking luggage principally composed of a dozen bottles of Scotch, became after the drawing of the initial cork, the most popular Mohammedan this side of Gibraltar.

The American tobacco was saved. But the cognac and the Scotch weren't.

Kemal declared, though, that he is going to dry up the town, and the fear that he will make good his threat makes every night in Constantinople a small-scale reproduction of a New Year Eve on

### Convention Between Italy and Argentina.

According to information received by the international labor office, Argentina and Italy have just ratified a convention concerning compensation in the case of industrial accidents. The convention stipulates that citizens of each state suffering injury from an accident in the course of employment on territory of the other state and the successors of such persons shall be entitled to compensation in accordance with the legislation of the country in which the accident occurred. It also provides that such compensation shall be payable even although the person injured may have left the territory of the country in which the accident occurred.

This convention is interesting in view of the fact that any ratification was recently ratified between Argentina and Spain. It is very evident that the Argentine Republic is carrying out very progressive labor legislation.

## KEEP A ROSE IN YOUR HAIR

Or, at Least, Try to Keep the Rose in Your Mind.

Continued From First Two Columns.

rose in her hair, lies with her throat cut, than be alive to survive the death of romance and of faith in another.

There are several thousand morals as well as several thousand theories to be drawn from that strange mystery. Many millions of women have followed the case, studied and wondered about it.

Life is dull, for the great majority little can be made out of it at most. But the one rule is, DON'T GIVE UP.

KEEP your animation, keep thinking and going. And WEAR A ROSE IN YOUR HAIR, EVEN IF YOU FEEL THE PRICK OF THE THORN MORE THAN THE DELIGHT OF THE ROSE. If you don't wear the rose some other woman will—and the man will see it.